

My Lady of the North

THE LOVE STORY OF
A GRAY JACKET
By RANDALL PARRISH
AUTHOR OF
"WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING"
Illustrations by Arthur T. Williamson

COPYRIGHT BY A. C. CROWLEY & CO. - ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL, LONDON

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens in a Confederate tent at a critical stage of the Civil War. General Lee imparts to Capt. Wayne an important message to Longstreet. Accompanied by Sgt. Craig, an old army scout, Wayne starts on his mission. The two, after a wild ride, get within the lines of the enemy. In the darkness, Wayne is taken for a Federal officer who came to keep an appointment, and a young lady on horseback is given in his charge. She is a northern girl and attempts to escape but fails. One of the horses succumbs and Craig goes through with the dispatches while Wayne and My Lady of the North are left alone. They seek shelter in a hut and entering it in the dark a huge mustache attacks Wayne. The girl shouts the brute just in time. The owner of the hut, one Jed Bungay, and his wife appear and soon a party of horsemen approach. They are led by a man claiming to be Red Lowrie, but Mrs. Bungay discovers him to be a disguised impostor, who proves to be Maj. Brennan, a Federal officer whom the Union girl recognizes. He orders the arrest of Wayne as a spy. While a prisoner Wayne sees files of Confederate pass and knows that Craig has delivered the message. He is brought before Sheridan, who refuses to set him free unless he reveals the secret message. Wayne believes Edith Brennan to be the wife of Maj. Brennan. He is given the choice of revealing the Lee message or of being shot as a spy. He is rescued by Jed Bungay.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

That he meant every word he spoke I felt convinced, and his enthusiasm was contagious. My blood leaped within me at this call to action; all lethargy fled, and with it every deadening thought of her who had so suddenly fallen about me the meshes of her power. False or true, maid, wife, or widow, my duty as a soldier to my commander and the army to which I belonged, blotted out all else. Even as this new rush of determination swept over me, above us there sounded clearly the dashing music of a military band in the strains of a Strauss's waltz, and we could distinguish the muffled shuffling of many feet on the oaken floor, overhead. Caton's chance remark about the great ball to be given that evening by officers of the headquarters staff recurred to my memory.

"That dancing up there will help us, Jed," I said quickly, my mind now active to grasp every detail. "You say there is a chance for escape from your cell? Then give me your hand, and help me to crawl through that hole."

It was a narrow squeeze for a man of my size, yet I crept through without great difficulty, and found myself in the dense darkness of a room which, as I judged hastily from feeling about me, was similar in shape and extent to the one in which I had been confined. Bungay, however, permitted me little time for exploration. Grasping me firmly by the arm, and feeling his way along the wall, he groped across to the other side.

"There's a mighty big stone chimney comes down yere, Cap," he whispered. "An' ther openin' ter take out soot an' ashes is up thar, jist b'low ther fluer. It's a sheet-iron pan, I reckon, ther way it feels; an' it must be thar they put a nigger in t' clean ther chimney whin it gits stuffed up. I could git up thar alone, but I couldn't do no work, but thar thar pan ought ter cum out all right. Dew ye think ye cud hol' me up, Cap? I'm purty durn heavy."

I smiled in the darkness at the little fellow's egotism, and lifting him as I might a child, poised him lightly upon my shoulder. He struggled a moment to steady himself against the wall, and then I could feel him tugging eagerly at something which appeared to yield slowly to his efforts. As he worked, a dense shower of dust and soot caused me to close my eyes.

"She's a comin' all right," he said, cheerfully, puffing with his exertions, "but I reckon as how this chimney ain't bin cleaned out since ther war begun. Hold up yer right han', Cap, an' git a blame good grip on her, fer she's almighty full, an' I'll wanter go down sorter easy like."

I did as he suggested, bracing myself to meet his movements, as he stood straining on my shoulders, and in another moment I had succeeded in lowering the large sheet-iron pan silently to the floor.

"Room 'nough yere fer two men ter once," chuckled my companion, in rare delight. "The chief in silence strode before." Yere goes."

His weight left my shoulders; there was a slight scramble, another shower of dirt, then the sound of his voice once more.

"Lift up yer haws, Cap; dig in yer toes on ther stones, an' we'll begin our vige."

He grasped my wrists with a strength which I had no conception the little fellow possessed. There was a moment's breathless struggle, and I squirmed through the opening, and lay panting on the flat slabs which composed the foot of the great funnel. To afford me more room Bungay had gone up a little, finding foot-lodgment upon the uneven spaces of which the chimney was constructed. For a moment we rested thus motionless, both breathing heavily and listening to the music and shuffling of feet now almost upon a level with our heads.

The noise, which was strong and continuous, rendered discovery from any misstep highly improbable, and as

whar ye are that I stuck my fut down an openin'. Reckon 't was 'nother fireplace, like thet one on ther first fluer."

I lowered myself silently, and felt along the stones until I located the opening, and roughly measured its dimensions.

"I shall have to risk crawling out here, Jed," I said finally, "for I shall surely stick fast if I go up another ten feet. Do you suppose you can squeeze through to the top?"

"I reckon I kin," he returned calmly. "But hadn't we better stick t'gether, Cap?"

"No," I answered firmly. "You go on, and one of us must get through to Lee. Don't mind me at all; get down from the roof as best you can. If I am caught it will be all the more important that you should succeed."

"T is done—I thank thee, Roderick, for the word; it nerves my heart, it steels my sword."

Even as he spoke I could hear him creeping steadily upward. It soon became evident that his progress was growing slower, more difficult. Then all sounds above me ceased, and I knew he must have attained the roof in safety.

CHAPTER XIV.

I Became a Colonel of Artillery.

My own situation at this moment was too critical, too full of peril and uncertainty, to afford opportunity for moralizing over Bungay's chances of escape. Only one possibility lay before me—there remained no choice, no

ting just beneath the landing, whispered eagerly into the attentive ear of a pronounced blonde who shared the broad carpeted step with him.

I drew back noiselessly, to figure out the situation and determine what was best for me to attempt. It would be sheer madness to venture upon a passage to the front door, clad as I was in travel-worn gray uniform; to rush through that jam was impossible. If I were to wait until the dance was concluded the later hours of the night might indeed yield me somewhat clearer passage, yet it was hardly probable that the house, used as I knew it to be for a military prison, would be left unguarded. Besides, such delay must absolutely prevent my getting beyond the Federal picket lines before daybreak, and would hence render valueless the news I sought to bear to Lee.

I moved to the only window and glanced out; it opened upon the back of the house and presented a sheer drop to the ground. At the slight noise of the moving sash a sentry standing at the corner glanced up suspiciously. Evidently each side of the great building was abundantly protected by patrols.

Something had to be attempted, and at once. The room I was in bore unquestionable evidence of recent occupancy, and at any moment might be re-entered. My searching eyes fell upon the articles of clothing carelessly folded over the chair-back. I picked up the garments one by one and took them out; they composed the new uniform of a colonel of artillery, and

have supposed the very devil himself was coming down.

It took me nearly a quarter of an hour to get myself tolerably clean, and I could not have done that had I not used some grease that was upon the stand. At the end, however, I stepped back from the glass confident that with good luck I should run the gantlet safely.

Just as I prepared to step forth a new thought occurred to me—who was I? If questioned, as was highly probable, how could I account for my presence? Who should I pretend to be? I turned over the mass of papers lying before me on the table. They were mostly accounts and detailed orders about which I cared nothing, but finally my search was rewarded by the discovery of a recent army list. I ran my eyes hastily down the artillery assignments—Barry, Sommers, Fitzmorris, Sloan, Kelly. Ah, there at last was exactly what I wanted—"Patrick L. Curran, Colonel Sixth Ohio Light Artillery, McRobert's Division, Thomas's Corps, assigned special service, staff Major-General Halleck, Washington, D. C."

"Curran, Sixth Ohio"—good; and the other? I glanced again at the open order. "Culbertson, Fourteenth Pennsylvania." I would remember those names, and with a jaunty confidence in my success, born of thorough preparation, I stepped to the open door and strode forth into the brilliantly lighted hall. Barring the single accident of encountering a possible acquaintance in the throng below, I felt fully capable of deceiving his Satanic Majesty himself.

CHAPTER XV.

At the Staff Officers' Ball.

The young officer glanced up hastily at sound of approaching footsteps, and rose to his feet to permit of my passage. He wore the full dress uniform of an artilleryman, and his evident surprise at my presence made me realize the necessity of addressing him.

"Lieutenant," I asked courteously, resting one hand easily upon the balustrade, "could you inform me if General Sheridan and those members of the staff who accompanied him down the lines this afternoon have yet returned?"

"They have not, sir."

"Ah, I was in hopes they might have arrived by this time."

I bowed to them both, and passed slowly down the wide stairway, several couples rising as I drew near to permit of my passage. The lower hall was very comfortably filled with figures moving her, and there in converse, or occupying seats pressed close against the walls. The greater portion were attired in uniforms of the various branches of service, yet I observed not a few civilian suits, and a considerable number of women, some wearing the neat dress of the army nurse, others much more elaborately attired—daughters of the neighborhood, probably, with a sprinkling of wives and sisters of the soldiery. Guards, leaning upon their muskets, stood in statuesque poses on either side of the main entrance, while the wide archway, draped with flags, opening into the ballroom, revealed an inspiring glimpse of swiftly revolving figures in gay uniforms and flashing skirts. Over all floated the low, swinging music of the band.

A fat, good-natured-looking man of forty, an infantry major, but wearing staff decorations, and evidently officiating in the capacity of floor-manager, after whispering a word in the ear of another of the staff kind beside the ballroom door, hastily pushed his way through the laughing throng directly toward me.

"Good-evening, Colonel," he said, bowing deeply. "Your face is not familiar to me, but you will permit me to introduce myself—Major Monsoon, of General Sheridan's staff."

I accepted the fat, shapeless hand he extended, and pressed it warmly.

"I was just meditating a retreat, Major, when you appeared," I replied frankly. "For I fear my face is equally unknown to all others present. Indeed, I feel like a cat in a strange garret, and hesitated to appear at all. My only excuse for doing so was a promise made Colonel Culbertson previous to his being ordered out on duty. I am Colonel Curran, of the Sixth Ohio, but at present serving on the staff of General Halleck at Washington."

The Major's round, red face glowed with welcome.

"Extremely pleased to meet you, indeed," he exclaimed eagerly, "and you may be sure of a cordial greeting. Will you kindly step this way?"

As we slowly elbowed our way forward, all desire to escape from the ordeal fled, and I assumed the risks of the masquerade with the reckless audacity of my years. Before we reached the ballroom my conductor, his fat countenance fairly beaming with cordiality, had stopped at least twenty times to present me to various military titles, and I had accepted innumerable invitations without in the least knowing who gave them, or where they were to be fulfilled. Finally, however, we broke through the massed ring, and succeeded in reaching the tall individual in spectacles to whom the Major had spoken previous to seeking me, and I learned through the introduction which followed that I was in the presence of Brigadier-General Carlton, chief of staff.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Horribles!

What's the difference between an Irishman frozen to death and a Highlander on a mountain peak? One is left with the cold; the other cold with the kill.—Exchange.



SHAKE?

Oxidine is not only the quickest, safest, and surest remedy for Chills and Fever, but a most dependable tonic in all malarial diseases.

A liver tonic—a kidney tonic—a stomach tonic—a bowel tonic.

If a system-cleansing tonic is needed, just try

OXIDINE

—a bottle proves.

The specific for Malaria, Chills and Fever, and all diseases due to disordered kidneys, liver, stomach and bowels.

50c. At Your Druggists

THE SEBASTIAN DRUG CO., WACO, TEXAS.

MONEY IN TRAPPING.
We tell you how and pay bonuses. Write for weekly price list and references.
W. SABEL & SONS
ROCKVILLE, MD.
Dealers in Furs, Hides, Wool
Established 1868.

FURS

Pettit's Eye Salve FOR ALL SORE EYES

HIS VOCATION.



"I suppose you'll be an agriculturist when you grow up?"
"No'm. I'm jest goin' to work on this farm, that's all."

By Way of Excuse.

"Youngleigh has some singular ideas."
"What, for instance?"
"Well, he says it is mean to profit by other people's experience after they've been at all the trouble and expense of collecting it."

Our idea of nothing to beat is the fellow who brags that he begins where we leave off!

For Instance Post Toasties



The Memory Lingers

~Grocer says because they are

GOOD